



Will Remain Closed on Both the 3d and 4th of July

To avoid any inconvenience to our patrons because of the extra holiday granted our employees, we wish to announce that our store will remain closed from 1:00 P.M. on Saturday until Wednesday morning, next.

Berry & Whitmore Co.
Eleventh and F

LAST ZAPATA FASTNESS

TAKEN BY CARRANZISTAS

MEXICO CITY, June 28.—The last stronghold of Emilio Zapata, the bandit chief, who for several years has overrun the state of Morelos, has been captured by constitutionalist forces, according to a report received by the secretary of war from Gen. Pablo Gonzalez. The position was known as "El Jilguero" and consisted of a deep canyon completely surrounded by high and rugged mountains. It was considered impregnable by Zapata. The capture of this stronghold has caused great jubilation among the Carranzistas, who believe that it means an end at last to the depredations of the bandit chief.

SAYS ITALY WILL WAR ON

UNTIL VICTORY COMES

ROME, June 28.—The chamber of deputies, at its first session since the selection of the new cabinet, heard Premier Boselli, who in his speech outlined the policy of the government and said emphatically that Italy would continue the war with her allies until victory was attained.

AUXILIARY CRUISER

AND DESTROYER SUNK

BERLIN, June 28, by wireless to Sayville.—The Austrian admiralty reports under date of June 25: "On the morning of June 23 an Austro-Hungarian submarine, sank an auxiliary cruiser of the Principe Umberto type in the Strait of Otranto. The auxiliary was accompanied by a destroyer. The submarine fired shells, and then returned to the place at which the auxiliary was sunk. It was then sunk by the submarine."

The French ministry of marine announced on June 28 that the Italian auxiliary cruiser Citta di Messina and the French torpedo boat destroyer Fourche had been torpedoed in the Strait of Otranto.

SITS ON FLOOR SUDDENLY.

Senators Stone and Overman Figure in Novel Experience.

Senator Overman of North Carolina occupied the floor of the Senate today in a novel way. His seat is next to that of Senator Stone. Senator Stone was conversing with Senator Overman when the latter thought he saw out of the corner of his eye some one trying to pass and he tried to help him by pulling Senator Overman's chair out of the way.

STRIKES AT UNDESIRABLES.

Senate Passes Measure Authorizing Canal Zone Regulations.

Acting on the request of the War Department, the Senate today passed a bill authorizing the Governor of the Panama Canal Zone to make regulations touching the right to enter any part of the zone.

COL. ROOSEVELT'S SERVICE.

No Legal Obstacle to Making Him a Major General.

In case there is a call for volunteers for military service in Mexico and in case Col. Theodore Roosevelt recruits and organizes a division or more of volunteers, there is nothing in the law to prevent President Wilson from making the former President a major general of volunteers if such action is mutually agreeable. A statement to that effect was made at the War Department in response to an inquiry.

\$15,000,000 IS ASKED.

Estimates for Army and National Guard Air Service Submitted.

The War Department submitted supplemental estimates to Congress today calling for appropriation of \$15,000,000 for army and National Guard air service. It asked that the money be made immediately available in order that equipping National Guard units with air craft may begin without delay.

REVISING ARTICLES OF WAR.

House Subcommittee Hears Views of Secretary Baker and Gen. Crowder.

Revision of the articles of war, some of whose provisions are antiquated and date back to the beginning of the last century, was discussed at a hearing today of Secretary Baker and Judge Advocate General Crowder of the army before a House military subcommittee.

Passes \$27,536,000 Appropriation.

An urgent deficiency bill appropriating \$27,536,000 for emergency expenses connected with the movement of the National Guard to the Mexican border was passed by the Senate today without debate. It already had passed the House.

THE EVENING STORY

PEACHES.

(Copyright, 1916, by W. W. Warner.)

For some time Mamie Hacker had not been sleeping well and when on that Monday morning she arose at 4 o'clock to begin the washing her head ached cruelly and she felt as if every breath must be her last. But Mamie Hacker was not a woman to lay aside duty because of any physical discomfort. Moreover, she knew that it would be just as hard to do the washing on the morrow as today. She left her husband sleeping and moved softly behind closed doors, while she built the fire, put the water on to heat and got the clothes into the first sud. The washing was heavy that morning, for the extreme heat had made it necessary for her to change his work clothes several times.

By the time Bert appeared Mamie had the coffee made and the potatoes warmed. Bert had a goodly appetite. He was a big, heavy, hearty man, intrinsically selfish, after his kind. He did not notice that Mamie ate nothing. He did not notice that she was washing his clothes about smoking unconcernedly.



HE STOOD ABOUT SMOKING UNCONCERNEDLY.

and waiting for the 7 o'clock whistle to blow.

"Joe Simmons said they had a carload of peaches come in last night," he remarked, "and the merchant refused to take 'em for some reason or other. Joe said they'd be giving them away today. If I can pick up a couple of baskets cheap I'll send 'em over. I'm awfully fond of peach sauce myself."

"I don't believe I can do up peaches today with the rest of my work," Mamie said. "I don't feel well some way. It has been so hot—"

"But, great Scott, you can't afford not to do 'em up if I can get 'em for you as cheap as Joe said!" cried Bert, in amazement.

A moment later the whistle blew and he hurried away. Half an hour later (just as she had got the clothes in the first rinsing water) Mamie had what she would have called a "bad turn." Her heart suddenly balked and she sank into a chair, pallid, breathless and with a deadly faintness. For a few moments she sat still, wondering whether she would live or die, and not caring which she did. "I wouldn't turn over my hand to live another minute," she thought, and tears started down her thin, pale cheeks.

In these few minutes her life flashed before her. First her childhood, pitiful and poor, with her father always out of work and her mother crying; then her girlhood, wherein she had fought for education and not enough to teach school and support the family until an accident took her father and heart disease her mother; then her early womanhood, when things had brightened and she had taken that trip west with olive Price, who was olive Taylor now, a rich man's wife and forever out of her reach. She had become engaged to Bert Hacker by letter upon that trip. Distance lent enchantment she learned when again she stood face to face with him. But she had given her word—a sacred ordinance with her. And even though it meant losing olive's friendship, for olive was disgusted with the match, she married him. No one but God and herself knew what her life had been. She had borne four children and watched them die. She always had been poor, alone, unsympathized with. And yet, somehow, she had clung to her dream, the desperation of one to whom nothing else is left. She had kept her soul aloft while her body sank beneath the solid currents of her life.

As she sat thinking and waiting for her strength to return the door opened and a boy looked in.

"Lo, Miss Hacker," he cried, "Bert's sent some peaches."

She did not answer. She sat looking at him as he put basket after basket down.

"Nice hot morning for a canning job," he grinned as he vanished.

Mamie got up and tried the lid off one basket. It was easy to see why the merchant had rejected them. They were over-ripe. There were seven baskets, and they could not bear an hour's delay. She stood staring at them, at the washing half done and the disordered kitchen. She sank back into the chair and covered her face with her hand.

Out in the street a siren shrilled. The front door bell rang. She heard nothing. Not until the outer door of the kitchen opened again did she look up. For a moment she stared unbelievably at the silhouetted and veiled woman who stood there smiling at her.

"Olive Taylor!" she gasped and collapsed gratefully into a fragrant embrace. "To be kissed like that! Why, Olive, I'm so glad—I can't cry nor laugh, either one. I'm so glad!"

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I thought you'd forgotten me. I thought—

"I'd never forgive you for marrying Bert Hacker. Dear, we get wise as we grow older. I've been thinking of you for days. I was going to write and then I decided to come. What's going on here? Washing and peaches?"

"I've given out," Mamie said. "You see—I can't do it." She began to sob.

"Huh!" said Olive. She stood with her hand on Mamie's shoulder making swift scrutiny. "It is the heat. And you are tired. Most of all, your nerves are worn out. What you need is a change and you're going to have it. Now listen, my dear, and remember that I never allow any one to say no to me. You're going home with me. We



"YOU'RE GOING HOME WITH ME."

shall start just as soon as you can get your dress changed. In the meantime I'll find some one to come in here and do the peaches and finish the washing. Trust me."

She was gone. In five minutes she was back, victorious. "Your next door neighbor, Mrs. Bell, is going to see to things. And she will look after your current at voltages ranging from 110 to 240."

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Don't protest. It's useless. I know what I'm about."

Mamie was altogether too ill to protest. She allowed Olive to make her ready and to lead her out and tuck her among the luxurious cushions of the big car. A word to the chauffeur and they were off, raising the breezes and coaxing color into Mamie's white face.

Two hours later she lay in a four-post bed, breathing of rose leaves, eating her belated breakfast from a silver tray.

It was three weeks before she returned home. In that time she had taken on flesh and color and spirit. She felt renewed in body and soul. And yet, although olive's hand was so loving and olive so kind to her, she longed for her own home, her own little domain. It was therefore on that red October evening that she returned to it.

Bert was frying something that smelled very nice, the kitchen was clean and bright and the table set neatly. He looked up as she entered and the joy of welcome flushed into his face. "Wife," he said.

That single word confessed to Mamie more than all he afterward said. "What you're frying, Bert?" she inquired.

"Salt pork. I've got to be quite a cook since you've been gone. Mrs. Bell has been sick ever since the third day and I've had to manage alone. Set right down, Mamie, and I'll fetch your supper. Things clean enough to suit you?"

"Everything's all right, Bert."

She sat down and let him wait upon her. Each had learned much. She had found that most things help to make their husbands selfish; he what life would mean without her.

The lamp upon the table shed its yellow glow over their faces as they sat at opposite sides of the table and ate their evening meal. To Mamie its light was a tonic and a benediction and a promise of happier, better-knit lives in the future.

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"FUNNY" RACES A FEATURE.

First Presbyterian Church Sunday School Goes to Marshall Hall.

The steamer Charles Maclester was filled with a party of pleasure seekers from the First Presbyterian Sunday school yesterday to Marshall Hall. The excursion committee, Horace L. Richardson, chairman; W. Fellows and E. T. Good, was kept busy during the first part of the trip supplying the members of the Sunday school with small white tags. Every member of the Sunday school was given a free ticket, and in addition an offer was made that every one selling ten tickets should receive 25 cents.

Under the direction of Messrs. Kay, Fellows, Watney and Richardson an attractive athletic program was arranged. All of the events appearing on this program, with the exception of the fifty-yard dash for girls and one for boys, were either "funny" races or races requiring no particular athletic skill on the part of the participants.

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